

Like we used to. (Lonely)

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Like we used to. (Lonely)

by [LAMB_BITES](#)

Summary

Such a short amount of time, and you're already feeling lonely.

Notes

Yikes im bad at summaries. Also sorry about the dual/weird title. Couldn't decide which was better.

Some explanations will be in the end notes.

//Shoutout to the pal that suggested the idea for the fic.

See the end of the work for [more notes](#)

It had been a while since last time he visited.

At least a while by his standards. He usually visited John rather frequently, the most frequently being about a week or two apart. Lord know's how me managed it, though.

John always made small complaints about how often Ratboy would visit. But, as much he hated to admit it, he grew to like the company. It was nice.

But then the other was gone for longer than usual. Close to, a month an a half, maybe two. And very suddenly it happened. It felt like forever, and it was just two months. And it made him feel,

lonely.

He didn't want to admit that to himself, though. He didn't want to admit that he missed the yellow rat even in the slightest, and after such a short amount of time.

He didn't want to admit that he was even just a bit worried.

So he didn't admit it, and he remained in denial. And he put this free time to good use. Distracted himself. He cleaned a bit, tended to his centipedes, even dabbled about with some cooking since the yellow fool had introduced it to him again.

Some things turned out better than others.

He also tended to his instruments more, his piano, and his organ. It had been too long since he had played either of the two.

And he spent many days, doing these things, these distracting things. Waiting.

And during his waiting, the boy eventually made his return.

Ratboy walked through the portal, and through the kingdom, and soon he made it to the castle, already thinking up an explanation, and apology, for why he had disappeared oh so suddenly.

When he made it to the large doors, he knocked a couple times. There was no answer. And he knocked again, but still, no response.

"John..? Hello?"

He called from outside, a bit awkwardly. There was still no response. Even Clyde hadn't been there to answer.

He sighed a bit, and debated. Should he leave and come back later? Maybe he wasn't home.

But surely, he must have been. He heard something, quiet, but he heard it. And he really didn't want to leave already. It would be a shame if he came all this way just to turn back.

As much as he'd like to get permission, hopefully John wouldn't mind *too* terribly if he invited himself in, just once. Just this once.

He reached forward and pulled the heavy doors open, the noise louder, and could now be identified as music. Lovely, lovely music. No particular song.

And Ratboy followed his ears, around and about the massive building, until he came to a door, from which behind was the room where the music coming from.

He stood there and listened for a bit before slowly, steadily opening the door, and as he expected, he found John. John, sitting at the organ, and pressing keys, making music. He stared off at, nothing, until he noticed the room lighting up a bit more, and the sound of the door creaking open. He looked up, head turning towards the door, his finger hitting one more key before halting completely. Ratboy tensed a bit at this.

"Knock knock."

John stared, and then blinked once or twice.

"You... are back." John stated, his tone raising at the end of the sentence, showing something akin to surprise. Infact that's, probably exactly what it was.

Ratboy smiled, and nodded. "Yeah. I'm back. Mind if I sit next to you?" He asked. John just scooted over a bit and gave the spot a little pat. Ratboy walked over, and sat next to the pale and hairless rat.

Silence. And then John spoke.

"You've been gone a while. How come?" He questioned, looking back up at the other rat, hands folded over each other and placed neatly upon his lap, the closeness between them, due to the small amount of space on the seat, feeling, odd, he supposed.

Ratboy's eyes averted for a bit, looking at the organ. "Sorry about that.. It's just, been really busy, lately. Nothing too big, but uh, as you can tell, it did take a while to fix." He tried to explain, shrugging, pressing a few of the organ's keys idly.

"Understandable, I suppose." He said with a nod, eyes flicking over to watch the furry rodent's hands mess about the organ's keys.

Another long pause.

"That was really pretty, by the way. The uhm, the music you where playing a bit ago. You're really good at the organ." Ratboy complimented, looking over at the King.

"I am aware." He stated simply, pausing for a moment, and then continuing. ".. Thank you." He too, idly pressed at the keys, a few times.

Ratboy smiled. He listened for a while, and then spoke up. "Remember way back when, when you taught me to play the piano? And when we'd play it together?" He reminisced. John gave a little smile of his own and nodded, humming a bit.

And maybe for a moment their smiles turned bittersweet.

"Yes, I do remember. You learned quickly, too." He responded with a small chuckle in his voice. "I was surprised by how well you picked it up, in all honesty."

Those were good times.

"Really? Thanks, John." Ratboy chuckled as well, though, arguably, it was more of a giggle. "Hey, maybe we could do that again? Could you teach me to play the organ?" He requested, nudging John a bit with his shoulder, those bright blue eyes giving a gleeful, hopeful look.

John contemplated the request for a moment. And then he nodded, smile present. "I don't see why not." He said, the other's face lighting up with joy when he did.

The organ was, similar, to a piano, but at the same time, very different. A bit more difficult. They decided on a simple tune, and went from there. Ratboy would goof it up a couple times or occasionally lose track, and when he would, John would put him back on track by guiding his hands with his own for a moment. It was nice. Felt somewhat odd, but nice.

Once the yellow rat got the hang of it, John joined, and played as well. He took note of the difference in the tune when two people played it rather than one. It sounded less,

lonely.

It was peaceful.
It was nice.

End Notes

Headcanons present:

John being a hairless rat.

That they were somewhat decent acquaintances before the events of RBGDM, John even teaching Ratboy to play the piano, which is turned into a rather bittersweet kind of memory after the events of RBGDM, I guess?? Not super best friends, but having good memories from before then, I g u e s s?? It's a hard headcanon/idea to explain, but I've grown fond of it, so I threw reference of it into here. It's good Angst material, ya. A shame I can't explain it better.

Also no I couldn't think up what kept Ratboy so busy I c ouldn't think up anything specific I'm soREY

I wish I did better on this a g h c k

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